

## FOR HER.

For her the sweetest blossoms should breathe a perfume rare.  
For her the tenderest music should come floating through the air.  
For her the choicest pleasures should be decked and pave the way  
And brightest beams of sunlight at her feet in glory play.  
For her the blushing rosebud should discard its cruel thorn  
And for her heaving bosom other eager searchers scorn.  
For her a pure contentment should throw its arms about  
And circumscribe, while pleasure shuts all care and sorrow out.  
For her I'd make the journey through this land of bitter tears  
A lasting day of smiling love, devoid of doubt and fear.  
Her path should glow resplendent, the way be like a dream.  
I'd make her life with happiness like dearest heaven seem.

—Detroit Free Press.

## BUD'S COPY.

The city editor opened the door and peered impatiently through the clouds of smoke rolling up over the long center table in the reporters' room.

"Did you get that story, Carleton?" he asked.

"Carleton's not in yet, Mr. Howard," one of the men replied. "He——"

But the door shut with a bang, to open a minute later, when the same worried voice inquired:

"Where's Bud? No; I suppose he isn't to be found either! Did any one ever know him to be on hand when he was wanted? Here, Bud," as the grimy faced galleys and general utility boy in question came in with his proofs, "go down to the foot of F street and find Carleton. There's a wreck off the point, but it won't do us any good unless he gets here with that copy pretty soon. We go to press at 8 o'clock—in just two hours. Bud!"

He stopped with a half smile, for the boy was already part way down the stairs on his way to the street.

None of us knew exactly why we gave the weird, shriveled specimen of boyhood the name of Bud. Possibly it was because of the certainty we felt that he would never become a blossom. He was a thin shouldered, sunken chested little fellow, small even for his 12 years, with a sharp featured, unchildish face, and the suggestion of eternal croup in his voice.

He had drifted into the office one stormy night about a year before the time of which I write, and although his request for "a place" had been promptly refused he had calmly staid on and become a fixture.

He was not communicative about himself, and we were not particularly curious. One of the women proofreaders discovered before long that the gray rat under her desk was not a more constant habitué of the office than was Bud. He spent the hours between the time that the paper went to press and the arrival of the day men at 11 o'clock sleeping on a pile of empty mail

in the corner of the engine room, but from that time on he was alert and ready for business.

As "newsboy" for Frank, the regular galleys boy, he was fast picking up a knowledge of printing and had occasionally displayed a surprising amount of information regarding the general makeup of a newspaper. Strongly imbued with the idea that all things were secondary in importance and must be subservient to its requirements, nothing pleased him so much as an errand of the kind just given him by the city editor, and we all knew he would return on time if he was alive.

Carleton was a new man on the paper, a little green in the business, but with a "nose for news" and a sense of honor and the eternal fitness of things, coupled with reliability of statement. Mr. Howard had looked over his staff that night before giving the assignment.

"Get to that wreck, Carleton," he said testily. "You are the only man here who can write it up without having the waves roll mountain high." And the new reporter had torn a thick section from the block of copy paper and hurried away.

Bud found no difficulty in locating the wreck, although he could see its dark spars outlined against the sky much better by running along the water front as far as H street. The storm, which had been raging for three days and had finally caused the disaster, had subsided a trifle, and from his distance the great, black hulk seemed resting easily upon the waves. On account of the hour there were but few spectators—only the hurrying life saving crews, the patrolmen and the inevitable groups of ragged wharf rats. And Bud observed, with delight, that not another paper had a reporter on the scene. He looked around for Carleton, and some one told him that the "chap" that had been writing there for a long time, sitting on an overturned small boat, had at last righted the little craft and set off for the half submerged ship.

"He hadn't caught either," the man continued. "This water ain't as peaceful as it looks. We had a hard pull gettin in the last trip with the passengers, and the wind is risin higher every minute."

It was true that the clouds had begun to roll again, while the lightning threw ever sharper and more jagged fangs across the sky. The crew on shore made hasty preparations to put out. There were still many people aboard the wreck—a number of them women and children. Bud was the first one in the boat.

"Come out of that, youngster," said a sailor. "Be quick with you!"

"I'm goin," cried the boy. "I've got to see Carleton—I've got to, I tell you!"

The sailor's hand was on his collar, but Bud clung to the seat with desperation, the muscles in his little hands standing out like a gladiator's.

"I've got to get something for the paper," and his voice rose to a shrill scream.

The man lifted him out, sat him—ungraciously—down on the wet sand and pushed off the boat. With a fierce cry the boy was after him, clinging like a monkey to its side. The sailor loosened

the boy's hands, and he dropped backward into the water. He scrambled to the shore and stood choking with impotent rage, strange oaths pouring from his lips and his frail hands beating at the air.

The wind increased in violence. The thunder was terrific, and the heavens were cut with broad, white blades. The night grew ever blacker, but he could see by the flashes that the lifeboat rolled heavily and seemed in distress. He sank down and dug his hands deep into the sand. All at once a peal of thunder shook the solid earth. A flash of lightning leaped down and seemed to lap up the sea and ships. Bud uncovered his eyes, and in a moment his shrill voice was added to the chorus of agony sent up from among the flames of the fated steamer. Lightning had struck her, and the boy had heard the sailors say that she carried a consignment of coal oil.

The light was bright enough now, and the watchers could see a small, dark object leave her luminous side and head toward shore. It was the small boat Bud screamed in ecstasy as he saw a man—Carleton!—work at the oars. The time seemed an eternity, and the boat, overcrowded as it was with women and children, seemed to make no progress. It was in danger of swamping. How long before the explosion must occur?

The boy threw himself face downward upon the beach and waited. Presently he lifted his eyes and saw the man in the boat rise and gently put back the hands that were extended toward him, as if in entreaty, and then with a long, leap spring into the ocean. Bud saw him strike out with strong, confident strokes, while the boat, relieved of his weight, made a leap forward. Then there was a sudden darkening of the sky as the flames swirled downward, followed by a long, reverberating shock and roar, a glare that turned the heavens into fire, while the waves hissed around the scene with the foam at their lips stained red. There was a hurrying back and forth along the shore, the whirling of long ropes, lassolike, over the waters, and after awhile a few charred, blackened shapes upon the beach.

Bud opened the office door at half past 2.

"This is a nice time for you to show up," growled the city editor. "Where's Carleton? Did you get that copy?"

Bud approached the table slowly, fumbling in his coat with trembling hands.

"I've brought the copy," he said, his lips drawn and ashen. "It's a little wet, 'cause 'twas in his pocket, and—" the boy put his hand up to his throat and sobbed hoarsely—"you see, he—got drowned."—Grace Duffle Roe in Chicago Post.

Dummies in the Band.

Quartermaster Liebich of the Fifth Regiment made a discovery once and has been careful ever since whenever he has occasion to engage a band to play martial music for his band.

"I want to buy the band," said he, "and there was a certain rivalry among the boys that made it difficult to reach a conclusion. I finally made up my mind and engaged a certain band, and the next day the bandmaster of the rival organization said to me, 'You watch your band tomorrow and see that they don't ring in any dummies on you.' I didn't know what the man was talking about, so I asked him to explain, and he did. A light then dawned upon me, for he gave the snap deliberately away, that while leaders of certain bands collect so much per man from the people that engage them they frequently ring in people in the band that don't know a bar of music from a bar of soap. They just simply walk along with the rest of the players and nobody is any the wiser. The next day the parade took place, and I followed the advice of the other leader and watched my band carefully. It didn't take long to pick out the two dummies. They just strolled along with the brass instruments at their mouths and acted as though they played without infusing their cheeks. We had to pay for those fellows \$3 apiece just the same."

"And what did you do?"

"I asked the leader to tell the two dummies to play solo."

"And they did?"

"Not by a jugful. He simply said that wasn't in the contract, and he refused to do it. I have had my eyes opened since, and you may rest assured they don't ring in any more 50 cent dummies on me and charge me \$8 for them."—Cleveland World.

An Optical Illusion.

If you want a good ending to a little party, take all the guests into the dining room and turn out the gas. Make them sit around the table, in the middle of which places a soap plate. In the soap plate put some common salt and a little alcohol. Light the alcohol, and then look at each other's faces. They will look natural at first, but as the alcohol burns out and the salt becomes ignited the flame changes from yellow to blue, and the changes in the flame are very startling. They all take on a ghastly look. Eyes stick out, and the skin looks as though drawn tight like parchment. Then the faces become almost black, and when the flame dies out and you go out into a lighted room you unconsciously try to wipe the black off. But it doesn't come. It's all the light from the salt.—Hartford Post.

Reproductive Power of Memory.

As the child, flitting about him a bit of burning stick, may seem to make a circle of flame because the flame point moves so quickly, so memory, though it does go from point to point and dwells for some inconceivably minute instant on each part of the remembrance, may yet be gifted with such lightning speed, with such rapidity and awful quickness of glance, as that to the man himself the effect shall be that his whole life is spread out there before him in one instant, and that he, godlike, sees the end and the beginning side by side.—Macmillan.

## PITTSBURGH &amp; WEST SHORE.

Engineer Huston of the West Shore and E. A. Palmer of the Pittsburgh Railroad, advise their Overworked Broth-

ers. There is no body of men who labor more hours continuously than railroad men. So constant and tiring are their responsible duties that there are few who do not suffer from overwork and nervous troubles, and it does not take long before the strongest constitution gives way to the ravages of disease. Dyspepsia, rheumatism, urinary and kidney troubles have incapacitated many a man that could have been saved if the proper precaution had been taken.

Engineer Wm. Huston, of the West Shore Railroad, in speaking to a reporter of the disposition of people to neglect their physical condition, said: "For years I suffered from kidney trouble and dyspepsia; at times I was in so much pain, I thought I would have to give up my engine. I had been under the treatment of various physicians, but derived no benefit. Finally, one day Conductor Frazer of our road said to me, 'Huston, get a bottle of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy; it will do you more good than all the doctors in existence.' I followed his advice, and in a few days I began to feel better, and I have been well ever since."

E. A. Palmer, of the Pittsburgh Railroad's freight department at Troy, N. J., in speaking of the great good he had received from using Favorite Remedy, said: "I was troubled with urinary difficulty for a long time. My attention was called to Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy; I began its use, and in a few weeks was cured of the trouble. I have since used it as a family medicine with splendid results, especially in case of constipation and stomach difficulty."

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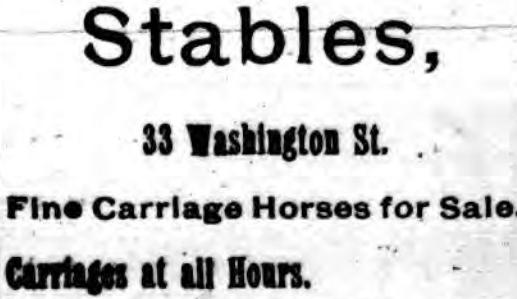
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